

Wombats

"Patricia The Stripper"

Visit "[Patricia The Stripper](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

She works downtown in an unmarked bar, flyin' 'round
poles

She always gave me the fright of my life
I didn't mean to get involved it was the alcohol
Mixed with an empty feeling inside

It's such a bad idea
To fall in love with a 'lady of the night'
Why didn't God give her two left feet
Then she couldn't run away from me

Months go by and I'm alone in bed
While she's greasing up for when the businessmen and
lawyers arrive
I've got to wear a beard, a suit and tie
To get past the door if I want to see my girl tonight

I go to all this effort
Just to see my fair Patricia
Going home with some other guy

Why couldn't God give her two left feet?
Then she couldn't run away from me
Oh, why couldn't God give her two left feet?
Then she couldn't run away from me

She thinks I'm sad and that's alright
But she doesn't hate me so there's my little alibi
I can't, I can't leave, I can't, I can't, I can't
She's my coked up Botox girl

Patricia, Patricia
Oh, Patricia the stripper you are my sunshine
Oh, Patricia the stripper come on home tonight
Oh, Patricia the stripper you are my sunshine
So, why can't you come home with me tonight?

Visit [Wombats](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.